

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT SUPPER TABLE SERIES

NUMBER LII.

A DIET FOR MENTAL DYSPEPSIA, AND A CURE FOR HYPOCHONDRIA, HYPOCHONDRIASIS, OR ANY COMPLAINT OF A NERVOUS NATURE.

BY OUR SERIES EDITOR.

ALMANAC AND DIARY.

SHORT METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Monday, 23.—Board of Brokers led by St. Augustine at the Assembly Buildings. Towards the close of the evening Waddy failed to keep his "genmen (his) in order," and Reddy, with his organ, likewise failed to organize the meeting. There was a perfect flow of good spirits among the members.

Tuesday, 23.—Grandson of "Cornplanter," the Indian Chief, and companion, visit Harrisburg and address the State Senate in behalf of the interests of the Red man, the Black man already occupying the ground at Washington. The interests of the colored folks at Harrisburg promptly attended to. Five hundred dollars and one gallon of fire-water immediately passed over, as was their other requests.

Wednesday, 24.—Interesting Treasury decision. Secretary McCulloch gives orders to the New York Custom officers in the case of a literary Society, the Custom House, to "land the Pies." Thursday, 25.—The Political Storms pray for a "King" in the City Council; they get one, when he deliberates on their "massed damages" around Fennell Park.

Friday, 26.—Fenians in session at Logan Hall. They unanimously order a Draft of a series of resolutions.

Saturday, 27.—Series Column Day. The great hawk setting in, the Editor's best pen was not thought fit to appear this week.

STARTLING NEWS FROM BALTIMORE!

A Fenian Privateer—An Irish Ship and an Irish Crew—Full Particulars, Etc. Etc. As soon as the Telegraphic Despatch came over the wires (it having been sent by the Agent of the Associated Press we knew it could be relied on), we immediately despatched our correspondent to Baltimore, by way of Perryville, to write us a sketch, and draw the vessel and their fire, if necessary, to get up a stunning report. Our correspondent, after a dangerous passage from our office to Broad and Prime streets in the city cars, owing to the high state of the tide in the streets, immediately engaged cabin passage in one of the sleeping cars of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore R. R.

Passing a restless night and the Susquehanna without further conscious danger, he landed safe at the Railroad Station in Baltimore. Pursuing his way along Pratt street, which lines the shores of Petasco Bay, he inquired of a gentleman, who looked as much like a mariner as any he could find, and who had a long whip in his hand, as to the whereabouts of the Fenian Privateer reported to be in this vicinity. The Baltimorean replied rather rudely, that if he would wait a short while he would see a whole row of Fenian privateers coming down the street railroad track. Our correspondent, not liking to doubt the gentleman's word on the spot, concluded to wait. Shortly, in the yet early morn, he heard the tinkling of bells, and looking up he saw a long string of what the gentleman called



A sketch of which he forwarded to this office. We give it without any word of commendation, simply adding that though we laughed at Secretary Welles' Monitors as being at variance with our ideas of naval architecture, this sketch is more so; but in this age of Waterfalls we must be prepared for anything.

Our correspondent then wrote us that the craft was named the "Cork," and manned by a crew from there evidently, and as he had often made drawings of cork, he would not stay to see the crew.

In this predicament we applied to our own artist to make the account complete by giving us a sketch of



THE CORE'S CREW, that belonged aboard the Fenian Privateer, when he sent us the above, adding that the "brush" on the handle was for use in case they had a brush with the enemy, and which might be expected at any moment. Further on he gives us the ideas of



THE REAL FENIAN ENEMY, of which, however, we suppose our readers have seen many drawings by one. The craft is named, according to rules adopted by Congress, "White letters on Black ground," the object of which is, that it can be readily known at a great distance. It is reckoned a great thing with a craft like this, to draw its fire without damage to yourself. It is believed, however, that the true Fenian

soldier will be found equal to the emergency. Persons attacking his war steamer are generally found "shot in the neck," and one charge will make even its friends tremble, so powerful is it as an enemy of destruction. It has been in more fights than any ship afloat.



The "Base-Ball" at the Academy of Music.

The Carnival at the Academy, last Thursday night, was well attended by Fancy Characters and dresses; the characters, however, prevailing. Most all of the tickets were sold, at least they considered themselves so, and the Press in this building was well represented, as it was out of doors; in fact, we have seldom seen a more complete or grotesque press than the one in question, the one at the corner of Seventh and Chestnut not excepted. A press in a car on a stormy day is a crowded sight, but this press in a Carnival on a stormy night was a "crowded" one. Inside the building was the reign of dry humor, outside the rain of wet humor; inside the people spread themselves, outside they spread their Umbrellas; in fact, as at all Masquerades, extremes met, as were the expenses of getting it up, very handsomely and something over. So far as selling tickets went, the "Carnival Coterie" was a success; so far as the parties who bought tickets being accommodated, it was a failure, it being arranged something like a popular Cemetery, the "dead heads" occupying the ground.

We have not space here to give the principal Characters, neither is it necessary, as we understand they are all well known—to the police.

The Supper of the "Bulls" and the "Bears."

Once upon a time some Bulls and Bears, who had long been in the Stocks, broke loose and joined in a common feud, sitting at a table as they had seen men do on similar occasions. They ate and drank more like gods than beasts at the commencement, and had they eaten and drunken "short," as they had so often sold, they would have so continued like gods; but being allowed to take fish much as they wanted at "option" or "buyers 30," and no fees required for superfluous words, as is the case in their ordinary pasture-ground, a great deal was taken by the beasts than they could "carry" and he reckoned "firm." Before they were let out, or left the feed, many of them were on the floor and under the table, which is known among them as "between boards."

Moral.—Dumb Animals should not leave the lot nature designed them to occupy, and make an Exchange wherever they can. All kinds of "Board" is not adapted to one set of boarders.

COMMUNICATION.

RICHMOND, PIER 8.—Mr. Series' Editor:—I see Mr. Forney, the Younger, advertises a new paper called The Stage, to be commenced by him. Is he the son of the old man who runs the Press week-days and Sundays, and who is trying to get the passenger cars to run on Sundays also, and does the Younger intend running his Stage on Sundays in opposition to the Cars? It is a shame to see such rivalry in the same family. I always think of it when I read that pretty little hymn of Dr. Watts:—

"Children, you should never let Your angry passions rise." Hoping I may be misinformed as regards the whole thing, I remain yours, respectfully,

T. RAILL.

Lehigh coal \$8.75.

RUN AWAY, FREEDMEN'S "BILL,"

had on when he left a suit of army blue and brass buttons, stamped U. S. When last seen he was in Washington, trying to get into the Senate chamber. It is hoped that good citizens will arrest him and deliver him back to me in the county jail, Carroll county, Virginia. NARY FREEDMEN.

A CURIOUS DREAM.

By PETER ULIAM. I returned to my home rather late one night, and concluded to make my supper on mush and milk. A quart bowl was filled with milk, and in tumbled the mush, like large lumps of yellow putty. I soon managed to dispose of a more than moderate quantity, and had that sense of fullness which Beecher says gives him his pleasure. Having finished this repast, I concluded to read a few pages of Walter Scott's "Rob Roy" before I would retire to my bed. This I did; but notwithstanding the exciting nature of the story, I found that I was growing sleepy. So off I started for my bed. How long I had been in bed I don't know before I began to dream. And such a dream I never had before, and may never have again; and therefore I feel anxious that it should be preserved in some form.

I dreamed that I was on my way to Chestnut street in one of the horse cars, and two gentlemen were sitting by me talking in a very loud and earnest manner. They evidently had some kind of disease on the brain. One swore that he had had his fingers burned enough, and the other that he was determined to give his attention hereafter to something better established and more legitimate. At length one pulled out his watch, and remarked that unless the horses would hurry up they would not get to the Hall in time. I took the liberty just then of asking if anything special was going on to-night. With a look of astonishment at my ignorance, he inquired if I had not heard of the great meeting in Concert Hall. I told him I was not posted up in the matter, and would be glad to be informed about it. "Well then," says he, "I will tell you. There is to be an experience meeting of Oil Stock Men. Like others in the religious world, they have had their ups and downs—their hopes and fears—their joys and sorrows—and they have at last resolved to meet together and talk them over, and see what may turn up." On hearing this statement, I determined that I would certainly make a visit to Concert Hall that night. As I got near to the place I began to despair of getting in, for both sides of the street were crowded with persons pressing towards the door. Such a motley crowd I never beheld before. Male and female, young and old, fat and lean, long and short, Judges, lawyers, merchants, mechanics, milit-

ers and Elders, and Deacons, all were mixed up together, and with compressed lips were edging their way in. With a determined spirit and a vast amount of elbowing I succeeded in getting in and procuring at least a good standing place.

To my surprise, a large band of musicians—procured for the occasion—began to play a tune which I had not heard for many years—"Where have you been, Billie Boy? Billie Boy?" It was refreshing to my feelings, but how it was adapted to that meeting I could not well understand.

After the music the meeting was organized by calling to the chair a large heavy man weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds. His hair was combed straight back, and his countenance was of a sedate, meditative cast. His nose was saddled with a heavy pair of gold spectacles.

When about to call the meeting to order he rose from his seat, and fixing his eyes upon the chairman, he at first seemed somewhat at a loss how to express himself. But after a few seconds had transpired, and when he had devoutly clasped his hands over his breast, he gave vent to his feelings as follows:—

"Dear Brethren and Fellow-citizens.—To be or not to be?" that is the great question that has called us together in such large numbers this evening. When Moses started out with his followers from Egypt, he told them that they were going to a land flowing with milk and honey. But when they got over the Red Sea and got into the wilderness they couldn't hardly get anything to eat or drink, let alone the luxuries of milk and honey. Of course, they got discouraged, and well they might.

"Are we not, my brethren and fellow-citizens, somewhat in the same predicament? We were encouraged to buy stock—yes, oil stock, if I must say it—for I wish to be plain, and then we should in a short time possess warlike or brown stone palaces. But, as you know, we bought the stock, and we have met together to-night to inquire after the palaces. As for me, I have not seen them, and I have been troubled greatly in view of the whole matter. Lately I have felt like adopting the language of good old Job:—'My sighing cometh before I eat, and my roarings are poured out like the waters; for the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me.' But by giving utterance to these sentiments I don't wish to discourage you. No! no! Far be this from me. I would that all stocks were as bright as the 'Ocean!'"

"But I will not take up your time. The meeting is now open. All are not only at liberty, but are cordially invited to give expression to the sentiments of their hearts. We hope to have a good old-fashioned experience meeting here to-night. As one and another tell of the difficulties they have had to encounter, it will encourage others who may have had the same bad luck, and who are crying out in the midst of their agony—"It is more than I can bear."

No sooner had the President taken his seat than a voice was heard from the most remote part of the hall.

"Mr. Chairman," said the voice, "I am from the country. I heard of this meeting, and could not stay at home. Some months ago, I had several houses and lots, which brought me a nice income. But, wretch that I was, I was not satisfied with this, so I looked round for something better. One day I met with a young man who said he had something good to tell. He said he had a chance of getting on the ground-floor of an oil company about to be formed, and possibly he might secure the same privilege to myself. The name of the company was the Mountain Cataract. The original parties, or those on the ground-floor, must certainly make a big thing of it—ten or fifteen thousand dollars apiece, certainly. The bait was tempting; I told him to be sure and get one share for me if it should not cost more than five or ten thousand dollars. In a few days he reported that all was right—the share was secured, and my fortune made. I at once sold my houses and lots, paid for the share, and felt happy in the bright anticipation of the future. But to-night, after waiting a full year, Mr. Chairman, I am compelled to say that my hopes are all blighted. I have in my desk some beautiful printed certificates of stock, but they have no value, and bring me in nothing. My hopes kept saying, for a long time, 'To-morrow, to-morrow!' but to-morrow has come and gone, and still I find no relief. I have come to the city to see if the stock-brokers—that generous and sympathetic class—can't give me some relief. Oh! were I only out of this difficulty, I can assure you you would never find me putting my head into a similar trap. I have found out what the ground-floor means."

When this gentleman took his seat the Chairman requested the band to play "Trump! Trump! Trump! the boys are marching!" adding, "This piece of music always inspires my heart with courage in the midst of despondency." When the band had finished, several tried to get the floor. A tall, dark-visaged fellow, with strong lungs and ready utterance, secured it. Every word he spoke could be heard with the utmost distinctness. "Mr. Chairman," said he, "this beats the morus mediculus business entirely. Then we were to get fortunes out of worms; but lately we have had fortunes wormed out of us. It is amazing to me what large amounts we have put into these oil wells, and what little returns some of us have got. For one I can say that I am much poorer than when I started in this race. I had met with reverses before, but none have crushed me like those I have lately experienced. You will be surprised to hear me say that I have fifty thousand dollars' worth of stock in my safe, while at the same time I find it difficult to get money enough to buy a pound of beef or a pound of butter. What am I to do under these circumstances? Sometimes I am filled with indignation too strong for utterance. I have found myself pacing my room almost frantic with my disappointments, and strongly tempted to dash my brains out against the stove. But thus far, thanks to a kind Providence, I have been enabled to resist the temptation, and have resolved to live long enough to raise funds to bury me decently when I die."

Just then a good brother, who was evidently more fond of vocal than instrumental music, commenced singing the familiar words:— "Come on, my brethren in distress, We're travelling through a wilderness."

All joined in singing the piece, and the effect on the large audience was tranquillizing and comforting.

A Quaker now succeeded in getting the floor. He was intelligent and modest, and spoke in a tone rather subdued and plaintive. "These Quakers, these Quakers do not sing, and yet I am

free to confess that the singing of the last piece affected me greatly. I have not usually been of a very adventurous spirit; and yet when I heard that oil was pouring out of the rocks, and that tones were likely to be made in a day, I could not withstand the temptation, and so in I went with others. I waited long for the precious return, but finding that it did not come, I thought I would take the cars and see for myself where my treasure was located. I travelled, going and coming, upwards of a thousand miles. Cars part of the way, coaches part, and horses part, and on foot part. And I can tell these friends that the coach part and horse part and foot part were shockingly bad. At length I reached the spot where my hopes were centred. A man was sitting by smoking his meerschaum. I asked him if he knew anything of the 'Good Hope Oil Company?' He said that he did, and that he was the Superintendent. I then asked him if he could direct my steps to where it lay. He rose rather reluctantly, and told me to follow him. Off he started, and began to ascend a monstrous hill. At the top of the hill he remarked, 'Here, stranger, is about the centre of your land. It spreads all over these hills. Oil has been found, but not in paying quantities—about ten miles from this spot. I was ordered to put down a well on this hill by your company; I did so, I bored a thousand feet, but no oil appeared, and so I gave it up.' I walked up and looked at the hole. It was small and dark and dry; and then I began to calculate what the two hundred and fifty thousand shares of the 'Good Hope Oil Company' were worth. Friends, I tell thee, to-night, I felt sad, very sad. As soon as I reached my home I took up the New Testament and read to my family the touching story of the man that fell among the thieves somewhere between Jerusalem and Jericho. The only thing I wished for when I read the story was that some good Samaritan would come along and pour a little 'oil' into my wounds."

The Chairman now rose and said the audience might now take five minutes for quiet reflection, dwelling chiefly on the uncertainty of human affairs, after which a committee would be appointed to draw up some resolutions expressive of the sense of this meeting. The five minutes were soon over, and a committee of six were appointed, who, after a short retirement, brought in the following string of resolutions:—

Resolved, 1. That, in the language of Tom Moore, this world is all a fleeting show, or man's illusion given.

2. That the chains of enchantment to the view, and clothes the oil wells in their golden hue.

3. That it is unpleasant to pump a dry well, as the handle moves too easily.

4. That we labor hard to get off what stock we have at the highest possible figure.

5. That we sympathize with one another under our present circumstances of embarrassment.

6. That oil in Venango county is almost as difficult of access as oil in the Arctic among the whites.

7. That for the cultivation of social feeling, we shall sing, at least once a week, the song of the Hutchinsons, "We're a Band of Brothers" or something of similar import.

These resolutions were all adopted with great earnestness and unanimity. The band then struck up, "Cheer boys! cheer! Yield not to idle sorrow," and the large audience dispersed.

Just then I was awakened by the whistling of the cars as they passed by my chamber where I slept, and I found that it was all a dream.

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

DELAWARE MUTUAL SAFETY INSURANCE COMPANY, INCORPORATED BY THE LEGISLATURE OFFICE S. E. CORNER THIRD AND WALNUT STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.

ON VESSELS, TO all parts of the world. ON GOODS BY RIVER, CANALS, LAKE, AND LAND. ON STORES, DWELLING HOUSES, ETC.

ASSETS OF THE COMPANY November 1, 1865. \$1,000,000 United States 100,000 State of Pennsylvania 100,000 City of Philadelphia 100,000

THOMAS C. HAND, President. JOHN C. DAVIS, Vice-President. HENRY LITZBERG, Secretary.

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

GIRARD FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY. OFFICE, No. 415 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

THIS COMPANY CONTINUES TO WRITE ON FIRE RISKS ONLY ITS CAPITAL, WITH A GOOD SURPLUS, IS SAELY INVESTED.

THOMAS CRAVEN, President. ALFRED S. GILLET, Secretary.

SHIPPING.

HAMIL'S PASSAGE OFFICE. "ANCHOR LINE OF STEAMERS." "HIBERNIA," "COLUMBIA," "BRITANNIA," "GAMBIA," "INDIA."

LIVERPOOL LONDON & BELFAST STEAMSHIP CO. NEWLY COMPLETED. PAYABLE IN PAPER CURRENCY.

THE PAID CERTIFICATES issued for bringing out passengers from the above ports at LOWER RATES THAN ANY OTHER LINE.

SOLE AGENT FOR THE "ANCHOR LINE," W. A. HAMIL, 115 No. 217 WALNUT STREET.

STEAM TO LIVERPOOL. Calling at QUEENSTOWN, THE IMMAN LINE, SAILING SEMI-WEEKLY, carrying the United States Mail.

CITY OF NEW YORK, Saturday, January 21. KANGAROO, Wednesday, January 21. CITY OF BOSTON, Saturday, February 3.

FOR NEW YORK—DESPATCH AND SWITZER LINES, via Delaware and Atlantic Canal. The steamers of these lines are leaving every week at 10 o'clock P. M., from this pier above Walnut street.

W. J. MCGUIGAN, Importer and Wholesale Dealer in FIREWORKS, FLAGS, MATCHES, & C.

THOMAS CRAVEN, President. ALFRED S. GILLET, Secretary.

PROPOSALS.

REARBY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE BUREAU, BOSTON. Sealed Proposals will be received at this office until 1 o'clock P. M., on FRIDAY, the 27th day of February, 1866, for supplying the Light-House Establishment with sixty thousand gallons of the best quality pure Winter Strained Oil, either Lard or sperm, to be delivered from any city or place not to exceed the latter. The Oil may be delivered at Boston or New York, at the option of the bidders. The price of delivery in each case must be distinctly stated in the bids, and will be embraced in the contracts.

Lot No. 1.—Fifty thousand (50,000) gallons on the 2d day of April, 1866, or as soon thereafter as the proper tests and gauging can be completed.

Lot No. 2.—Fifty thousand (50,000) gallons on the 16th day of April, 1866, or as soon thereafter as the proper tests and gauging can be completed.

Lot No. 3.—Fifty thousand (50,000) gallons on the 1st day of June, 1866, or as soon thereafter as the proper tests and gauging can be completed.

Separate proposals will be received at the same time and place as above, for the same quantity of oil as above specified, at Detroit, Michigan, on the 1st day of May, 1866.

No bid will be considered unless from a manufacturer of the oil.

No part of the Oil proposed for and to be embraced in the contracts under this advertisement will be accepted, unless it be of the best quality pure Winter Strained Oil, equal to that furnished by other interior oils and adulterations.

The usual means for determining the character and quantity of the oil proposed will be employed, and the oil must be of the best quality, burning, the amount of residue, and any other proper tests to arrive at correct conclusions that may be deemed necessary.

The bids will be subject to special tests, and will be rejected unless found to be, in regard to burning and fluidity under reduction of temperature, and every other test, equal to that furnished by other oils adopted by the Board, of which a sample will be furnished on application to the Light-house Engineer at Boston, Massachusetts.

The bids must be prepared, under the direction and personal supervision of the Inspecting Officer, by a custom house or other legally authorized and sworn agent, according to the rules and regulations of the Board, and must be marked and accepted before they are removed from the cellar or warehouse of the contractor.

The temperature of the oil will be accurately noted, and the measurements reduced to the standard temperature of 60 deg. Fahrenheit, by tables prepared for the purpose.

Proposals will be received and considered for each lot separately, or for all of the lots, at the option of the bidder; but no bid will be considered for a less quantity than that specified in the advertisement, and no bid will be considered for a larger quantity than that specified in the advertisement.

No bid will be considered for any other kind or description of oil than those specially called for in this advertisement.

A bond, with security to the satisfaction of the Department, in a penalty equal to one-fourth of the amount of each contract made under these proposals, will be required of the contractor, and the amount of the faithful performance of the contract, to be executed within ten days after the acceptance of the bid.

Each offer must be accompanied by a written guarantee, signed by one or more responsible persons, and known to the Department as such, or certified by a United States Consul, or other sworn agent, or collector of the customs, to the effect that, if the bid is accepted, the bidder will duly execute a contract in good faith, and according to the terms of this advertisement, within ten days after acceptance; and that in case the said party offers shall fail to enter into the contract as aforesaid, he or they guarantee to pay the difference between the amount of the said party and the next lowest bidder.

All bids must be sealed and endorsed "Proposals for oil for Light-houses, and for the use of the Light-house Establishment, Washington City." All bids will be opened, publicly, at the hour and on the day specified.

Payments will be made for the several lots of oil within thirty days after they shall have been received by the Light-house, at the rate of \$1.10 per gallon.

By order of the Light-house Board, Secretary. 111 26 ANDREW A. HAKWOOD, Secretary.

THE PROVIDENT Life and Trust Co., OF PHILADELPHIA.

INCORPORATED BY THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA Third Mont 23d St. INSURES LIVES, ALLOW-INTEREST ON DEPOSITS, AND GRANTS ANNUITIES.

CAPITAL, \$150,000. DIRECTORS: Samuel B. Shipley, Richard Cadbury, Jeremiah Hacker, Henry Haimes, Joshua H. Morris, Ward Llewellyn, Richard Wood, Charles F. Coffin, Samuel W. Hoopes, Samuel E. Shipley, President.

1829. CHARTER PERPETUAL. FRANKLIN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA.

ASSETS ON JANUARY 1, 1865, \$2,501,977.40. CAPITAL, \$500,000. ACCRUED SURPLUS, \$1,997,977.40. UNPAID CLAIMS, \$1,745. INCOME FOR 1865, \$201,000. LOSSES PAID SINCE 1829, OVER \$6,000,000.

PERPETUAL AND TEMPORARY POLICIES ON LIFE RISKS. DIRECTORS: CHARLES N. BANCROFT, ISAAC COLE, TOBIAS WAGNER, EDWARD DALE, SAMUEL WOOD, GEORGE W. RICHARDS, JACOB B. SMITH, ALFRED FLETCHER, GEORGE W. RICHARDS, FRANK W. LEWIS, M. D., EDWARD C. DALE, Vice-President.

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA. INCORPORATED 1864—CHARTER PERPETUAL, No. 224 WALNUT STREET, OPPOSITE THE EXCHANGE.

IN ADDITION TO MARINE AND LIFE INSURANCE THE COMPANY INSURES FROM LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE, ON LIBERAL TERMS, BUILDINGS, MERCHANDISE, FURNITURE, ETC. THE COMPANY HAS BEEN IN ACTIVE OPERATION FOR MORE THAN SIXTY YEARS, during which all claims have been promptly adjusted and paid.

DIRECTORS: John E. Hodges, Lawrence Lewis, Jr., D. B. Mahoney, David Lewis, John T. Lewis, Benjamin Estlin, William B. Grist, Thomas P. Fowkes, Robert W. Learning, A. B. McIlwain, T. Clark Wharton, Edmond Castillon, Samuel Wilcox, JOHN B. WUCHERER, President, 224 1/2

FIRE INSURANCE EXCLUSIVELY.—THE F. F. F. INSURANCE COMPANY, INCORPORATED 1825—CHARTER PERPETUAL, No. 40 WALNUT STREET, OPPOSITE INDEPENDENCE SQUARE.

THE COMPANY IS KNOWN TO THE COMMUNITY FOR OVER FORTY YEARS, continue to insure against loss or damage by fire on Public or Private Buildings, either permanent or of limited time. Also on Furniture, Stocks of Goods and Merchandise generally, on liberal terms.

Their Capital, together with a large Surplus Fund, is invested in the most careful manner, which enables them to offer to the insured an undoubted security in the case of loss.

DIRECTORS: Daniel Smith, Jr., John Devereux, Alexander Henson, Thomas Smith, Isaac H. Hoopes, Henry Lewis, Thomas Hobbs, J. Gilliam Fell, Daniel Haddock, Jr., Wm. B. Grist, Jr., J. A. M. HARRIS, Jr., President, 40 1/2

WILLIAM G. ORR, DAVID M. KELSO, Jr., President, 39 1/2

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. THE HOME INSURANCE COMPANY. Char or Perpetual. Authorized Capital, \$500,000. INSURES AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE ON BUILDINGS, STOCKS OF GOODS, MERCHANDISE, FURNITURE, ETC. ON LIBERAL TERMS.

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